Northern Messenger

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Worship on the Congo.

Mr. Sidney Bowskill sends to the Baptist 'Missionary Herald' the following interesting account of the opening of a new chapel at San Salvador, on the Lower Congo river. He says :—

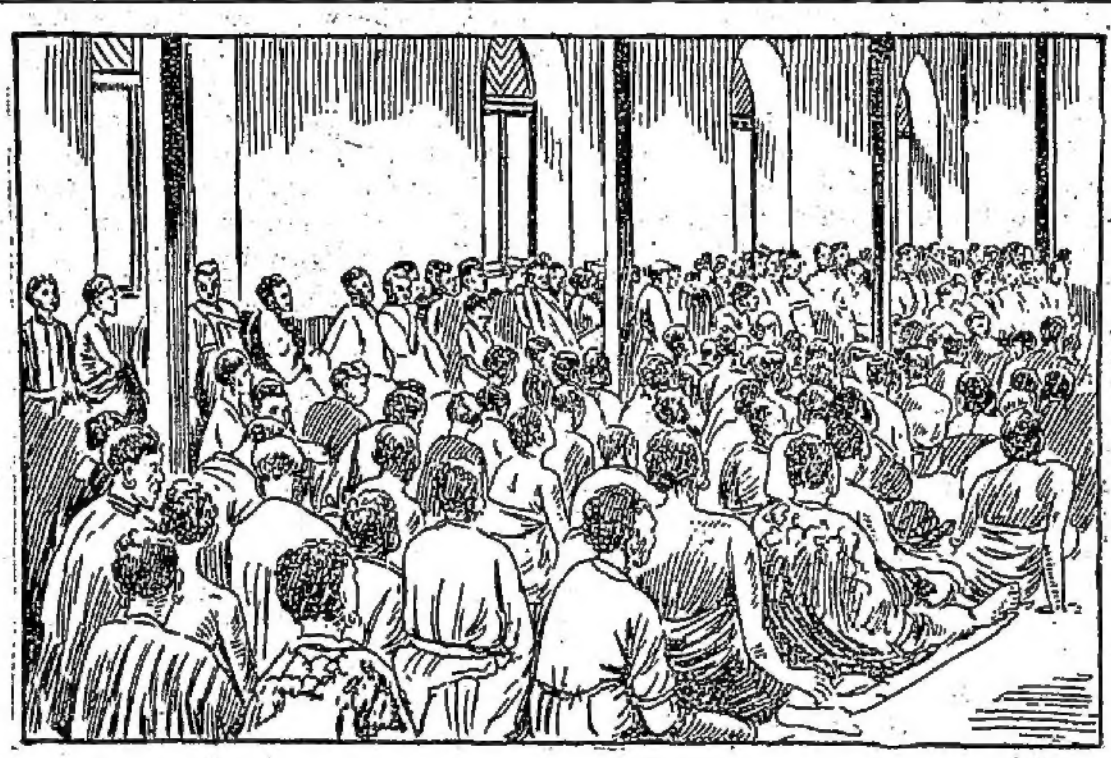
'The first service was fixed for Saturday, Sept. 16. But two days before, people began to arrive from outlying towns. On the Friday they seemed to come in swarms. Again and again one could see long files of them enter the gate by the chapel, and slowly wend their way along the path to our houses.

'First would come the chief; behind him his men, all clad in their best apparel and carrying their long, decorated staves; following these the women folk, also in their holiday attire, and carrying on their heads huge baskets of "chop" for their sustenance during the four or five days they would be here (see picture); and behind these, the children, looking as proud as princes at being allowed to come up to San Salvador and be present at the opening of the wonderful house of God.

'The natives of the town, from the king downwards, were determined that everything should be done in first-class Congo style. His Majesty, as his tribute, sent over a keg of gunpowder to the male church members, and long before sunrise on the opening day we were all suddenly aroused from our slumbers by loud and continuous reports of firearms.

'I understand there was no little rivalry as to who should fire the first shot, Nekaka, one of the deacons, securing the honor by rising between three and four a.m. Though we appreciated their enthusiasm, we did not altogether feel thankful for its early manifestation.

'As four p.m. drew near, the station began to be thronged with people. At 3.30, a huge crowd, determined to be in time, was patiently waiting outside the church doors, and when, some minutes later, we admitted them, the scene was indescribable. We only had a few seats, so these were ranged close to the wall all around the building,



OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL, SAN SALVADOR, CONGO.

grass mats being spread on the floor for others to occupy.

'Of course there was a rush made for the seats, which were soon filled; then came a good-humored tussle for the best positions on the floor (see picture). I suppose in less than five minutes—it seemed much less—the place was filled. One did not need to know the language in order to understand the people's feelings—a study of their faces was enough.

'Such a house they had never seen before; it was their house; for them to worship their Father God in, and they were proud of it. Indeed, they made such a deafening noise in discussing its many good points that we were obliged to start the choir singing, that order might be restored. But this reminds me; I must say a word concerning the choir.

'Mr. Ross Phillips, with great pains and perseverance, had got together a number of the young people and taught them to sing. How much this means only those who have undertaken similar work can understand, and when one remembers that these people seemed at first to have little or no idea of tune, the difficulties he encountered and overcame can be somewhat appreciated.

'All I can say is, that the choir sang surprisingly well, and rendered invaluable service at each of the meetings. At four o'clock punctually, proceedings commenced, Mr. Phillips in the chair.

'The nature of the meeting was "a welcome for the newly-arrived missionaries" (Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Beddham, and myself). After the singing of a hymn, Bukusa (a male) and Wansevele (a female member of the church) led in prayer, thanking God for their new chapel, the safe arrival of their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, the presence of the new missionaries, and besought much blessing on their future work.'

The opening services lasted during the following Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and closed with a memorable and inspiring communion service.

Mr. Bowskill writes :—

'There yet remained one more meeting, the happiest of them all. At 3.30 on the Tuesday afternoon all the church members, to the number of about a hundred and sixty, assembled in the chapel to celebrate the dying love of our Lord. I cannot describe this meeting; I can only say we felt the presence of God in our midst in a marked manner. The station was now quiet, the majority of the people having left for their towns. The peace of God seemd to fill our hearts, and we were glad.

'And now this meeting was over; the night had closed in; we were again in the seclusion of our rooms, and thinking over the events of the past few days. Had our prayers been answered? Yea, verily. Had our expectations been realised? We had not dared to expect so great blessings. Were we grateful to God? Ay, we were, and still are.'

WOMEN FOLK ON THEIR WAY TO THE MEETINGS, SAN SALVADOR

Man the Surfboat.

Hark! A surfman opens the door of that life-saving station by the Atlantic and shouts, 'A wreck ashore!' What a tumult and yet what system!

The men in the living-room whose door was opened seem to be rushing in all directions at once, pulling on coat, hat, boots, and yet all soon are jumping one way. They

rush toward the boatroom that incloses all the apparatus that they use in a case of rescue. 'Open boat-room doors!' orders the keeper of the station. The doors fly back.

'Man the surfboat!'

The keeper nods toward a waggon on which rests as fine and trim a surfboat as can be found anywhere. Each surfman has a number, and knows where his place is on the drag ropes.

'Forward!'

Out of the boat-room the waggon is rushed, and then upon the beach sloping down to an angry sea whose surf whitens the hard white sand, and as it comes down like a foam-headed hammer, what a roar goes up, 'Boom! boom! boom!'

There is the wreck not more than a thousand feet away. The vessel is in a strange position, the bow up, the stern down, under the water; and holding out its arms to the men in the rigging, beckoning to them clutching at them, is death! But death is not going to have them.

The keeper is yelling:

'Take life preservers!'

'Take oars!'

'Go!'

And away through the surf they drive, rowing to the vessel, reaching every man aboard the wreck, and bringing this boatload of helpless humanity safe ashore.

You say that is a noble mission to rescue the souls in peril. History is starred with the examples of men and women aiming to save lives exposed to the assault of some fearful evil. What were the attempts made by the brave-hearted apostles but a going out with the surfboat? John Howard visiting prison cells, the Wesleys preaching in fields and barns, Livingstone penetrating the wilds of Africa, were in a grand rescue mission. You can give your life an aspect of rescue. Some boy, some girl, is near you needing your help. Snatch them from the perils of evil companionship, of a life that neglects the Bible, the Church, Christ their Saviour. Who will go to tell the heathen of Christ the Redeemer? Who will say, 'God helping me, I will become a missionary?' Do not say the task is too difficult. Try, try, try! 'Man the surfboat!'—'The Classmate.'

What I Gained by Keeping the Sabbath.

Captain Alexander Innes writes:—'When I was a sea captain, in the forties, I once got to my destination, a port in Russia, on Saturday evening. Another ship arrived at the same time, the captain of which I knew. The town and port of loading was fifteen miles up the river, but it seemed unlikely there would be enough wind to take us there. On Sunday morning there was a dead calm, and he came on board my vessel and asked me, "What are you going to do?" "Drop off into the stream and wait till Monday!" I replied. "Well," he said, "I am going to commence to heave ballast, and if you don't do the same my men will strike." I said, "There are two ways of going about it, the Lord's way and the devil's way. You may do as you please, but I'm not going to ask my men to heave ballast on Sunday." He went away mumbling, "It's the fall of the year, and time is time." After breakfast I told my men to drop the foresail, that if there should be any wind we might get the benefit, and to let the ship into the stream. Immediately a puff of wind arose, and we sailed up as far as a bend in the river. I thought we should be obliged to drop anchor there, but just as we reached it another puff of wind came, and then increased in strength so that we sailed on, and in a few hours were at the port of loading, while the other captain was busy with his ballast. As we went rapidly on, I said, "Now I see that God is here, and is sending this wind to take us right up." We made fast, and lay quiet afternoon and evening, and so were able to set to work on Monday morning. By that time the wind was blowing strongly in the opposite direction, and continued thus for over a week, so that the other captain was obliged to stay where he was, doing nothing, and when at last he arrived in port I was nearly ready to leave. Thus the Lord rewarded my desire to keep holy the Sabbath.'—'Christian Herald.'

The World Not Growing Irreligious.

Those who have read the chief books of science and scholarship bearing upon religion in the last thirty years must realize that the intellectual forces in Christian lands are more friendly to the essentials of Christianity than they were thirty years ago. Professor Drummond has said that 'The sun and stars have been found out. If science has not by searching found out God, it has not found any other god, or anything the least like a god that might continue to be even a conceivable object of worship in a scientific age.' How much more reverent science now is, and in what closer sympathy with faith, must be evident to those who have watched the evolution of so sincere and capacious a mind as John Fiske's. He is to-day one of the chief exponents and bulwarks of scientific and philosophic faith in a personal God and a personal, conscious immortality. Agnosticism is not so unknowing as it was twenty-five years ago. 'Each act of scientific examination but reveals an opening through which shines the glory of the Eternal Majesty.'

Is it not true that men are building more churches to-day than ever before? Is this a proof of growing religion? Are they constructing these costly edifices in cities and humble meeting-houses in towns and country districts from vanity or the force of habit? Are they putting millions of dollars into Christian colleges mechanically, and with no movement of faith in their hearts? —President Barrows, of Oberlin College, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

Try Your Wings.

A friend of mine had an eagle. He caught it when young and brought it up like a domestic fowl. Having to go to the other side of the world, he was selling off everything. He wondered what he should do with his eagle, and the happy thought came to him that he would not give it to anybody, but would give it back to itself—he would set it free. How astonished it was! It walked about feeling as if this were rather bigger than its ordinary run; but that was all. He was disappointed; and taking the big bird in his arms he lifted it and set it upon the garden wall. It turned and looked down at him. The sun had been obscured behind a cloud, but just then the cloud passed away, and the bright, warm beams poured out. The eagle lifted its eyes, pulled itself up. I wonder what it was thinking. Can an eagle recollect the crags and cliffs, the reveling in the tempests of long ago, the joyous thunderings, and the flashing of lightnings? Pulling itself up, it lifted one wing and stretched it out, and it lifted the other wing and outstretched it. Then it gave a scream, and soon was a vanishing speck away in the blue heaven. Anxious, disturbed Christian, you are an eagle living in a hen house. Try your wings!—John McNeil.

A Complete Outfit.

A native Chinese convert, preaching before a large conference of workers, says:

'Ask the Master for Peter's book to bring up the fish; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places; for Moses's guiding-rod; for David's sling to prostrate your giant foe; for the brazen serpent to cure the bites of the world's snakes; for Gospel seed with no tares in it; for the armor inventoried by Paul in Ephesians; and, above all, for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of Oct. 16:—

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$202.38
Phillipsville Auxiliary Woman's Missionary Society	15.50
D.F.G.	5.00
Victor W. Menzies	1.00
For the Master's Sake	2.00
H. M. D.	6.00
D. McGregor	2.00
Robert Don	1.00
Glencoe Sunday School	2.00
Inasmuch	6.00
Mrs. Peter McDougall	1.00
Effie M. Tweed	1.00
J. B. M.	1.52
Miss M. B.'s Sunday School class	.25
A Friend of the 'Witness,' Brome Co.	.50
Alice Dodd	50
Marjorie Robertson	1.00
Mary Bradshaw	2.00
Mrs D. Bricker	.50
Richard Roberts and Mrs. M. B. Roberts	2.00
Mrs. R. Docking	1.00
G. A. Farmer	10.00
In His Name	1.00
Mrs. L. Des Brisay	1.00
D. T. and H. McCormick	2.00
Three People, Enderby	1.50
Mrs. I. Prevost	1.00
Mrs. Thomas Govenlock	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Stutt	1.00
Mrs. W. J. Hill	1.00
A Friend, Duluth	10.00
Mrs. Price	.50
R. R.	3.00
A Friend, city	1.00
Mrs. Jane Armstrong	20.00
Mrs. M. H. Ewing	1.00
Miss F. Thompson	5.00
W. H.	20.00
G. W. Dunham	1.50
Ernest Mitchell	.50
Union Sunday School, S.S. No. 4, North Oxford	2.50
A Friend, Rat Portage	1.00
Mrs. G. W. McLaren	5.00
Maude McLaren	.50
A Friend, Stanley	3.00
Mrs. W. McFarland	1.00
A. Rawlins	.50
Sydney and Fred. Mowat	1.10
John McPherson	1.00
For the Sake of the Dear Lord Jesus.	2.00
C.M., Blackwood	.50
J. Elrick Rettie	.50
Mrs. S. Whelan	1.00
Annie Parson	1.00
	$356.75

Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:

To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$70.42
To Christian Alliance Mission	83.57
To American Board of Missions	16.82
To Methodist Episcopal Mission	6.97
To Southern India Famine Fund	20.83
To Church Missionary Society	3.77
	202.38
	$154.37

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Oct. 21, Sun.—Kings and priests unto God.

Oct. 22, Mon.—Behold he cometh.

Oct. 23, Tues.—The Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Oct. 24, Wed.—I am the First and the Last.

Oct. 25, Thurs.—I am he that liveth and was dead.

Oct. 26, Fri.—Behold I am alive for evermore.

Oct. 27, Sat.—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Fred. Cary's Turkey Ticket.

(By Constance Conrad.)

Seven pairs of bright eyes were watching the Sunday-school door open and shut the week before Thanksgiving, and seven boyish faces beamed with pleasure as a sweet-faced lady entered and came down the aisle straight to their class. Miss Lansing was scarcely seated before their eager voices were heaping questions upon her in chorus.

'Boys, boys!' she laughingly exclaimed, 'I can't hear all at once. Suppose Fred Cary tells me the story.'

'You know, Miss Lansing, it is almost Thanksgiving,' began Fred, while the others drew their chairs very close and watched their teacher's face; 'and our washerwoman's boy Tim says they have got a "turkey ticket" and they are going to have the swellest—I mean the best dinner in a year on Thanksgiving Day, turkey and cranberry sauce, and celery and onions and lots of things.'

'Yes, and they only have bread and tea, and sometimes herrings, other days, for Bridget Flannigan told my mother so,' broke in Archie Best.'

'And there are crowds of boys down in Rotten Row and Rollin's Bend that have never tasted turkey at all, Tim says,' Fred continued.

'Can't we give some one a "turkey ticket" for thanksgiving?' came in a chorus of voices.

'Now I understand,' Miss Lansing said, looking very much pleased. 'My boys want to give some poor person a Thanksgiving dinner. That is a beautiful idea. The turkey-tickets are presents from the kindly rich, and are distributed among poor families. When they are presented at the store named, the poor people receive a thanksgiving dinner in return, which some kind friend pays for. Suppose we think what we can do.'

There were some minutes of busy consultation, and great interest on all sides. At last it was decided that the boys should each contribute something, and go with Miss Lansing to buy the dinner, then she would see that it was cooked, and Thanksgiving afternoon she would take them all to present it to Gustav Kohl, a young German who she knew would interest her class.

Early on Thanksgiving afternoon Miss Lansing and the boys started on their kindly errand. After an hour's walk they stopped before an open door and their teacher led them through a hall, and across a stone court, to the rear tenement where Gustav Kohl lived.

Up, up, up, they climbed, winding round and round with the short flights of stairs. At the very *top* Fred knocked. There was the sound of a latch raised and the door slowly opened. The room was neat and clean and in one corner by a window lay a fair-faced young German.

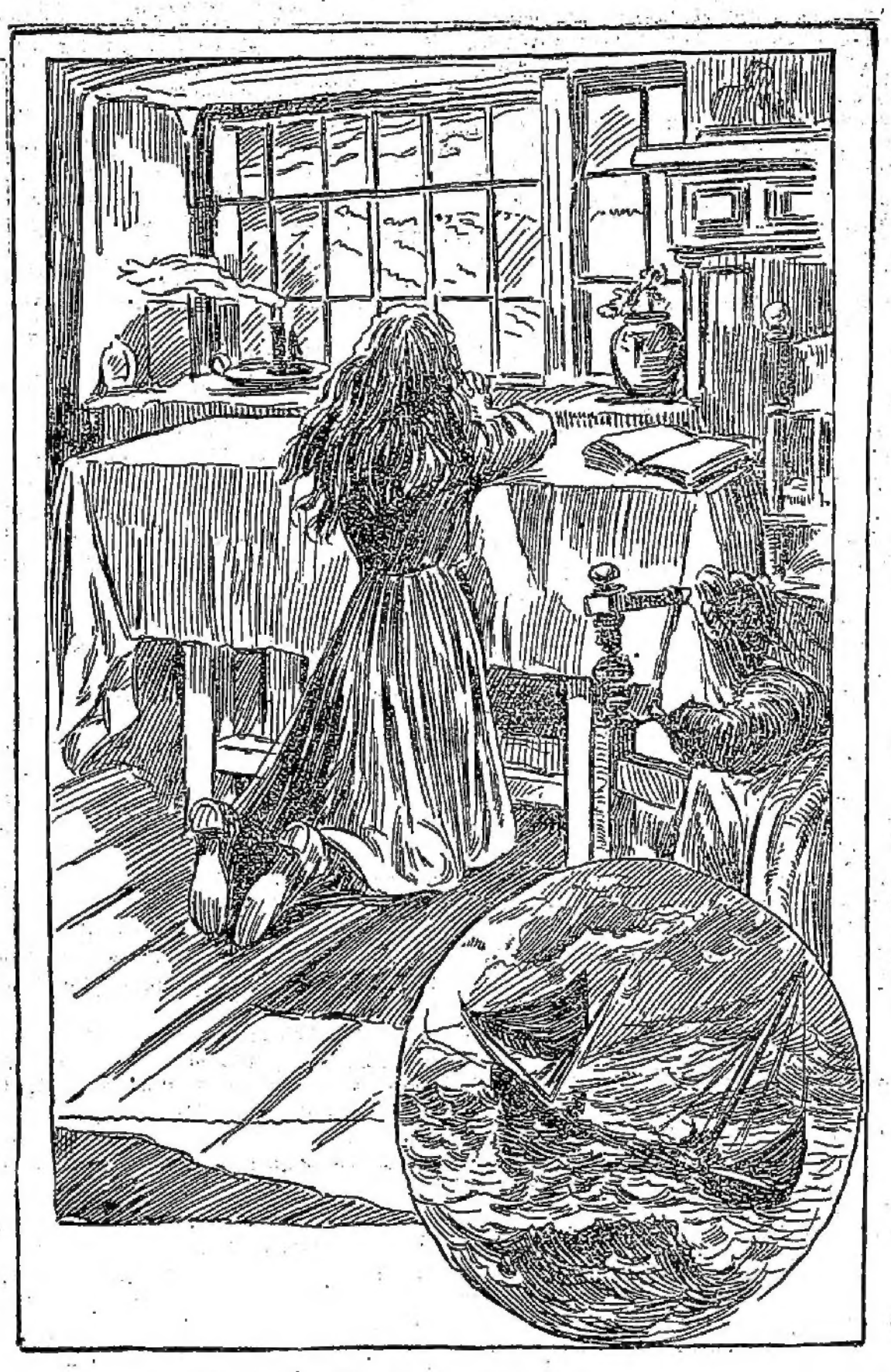
'I've brought you some visitors, Gustav,' Miss Lansing said as she shook hands with him.

'Yes, and we've brought you a Thanksgiving dinner,' Fred added as spokesman.

'That is goot, sehr, goot. I give my thanks.'

'And here is fruit to keep when the turkey is gone,' spoke up Frank Laundsberry.

Gustav's eyes glistened happily. 'I can ask the kinder in the next rom,' he said. 'They gets but little dinner the day. They haf nobody but shoe-black Jim to mutter dem, and they be four.'



FATHER'S ON THE SEA.

(Drawn for 'Toilers of the Deep,' by F. W. Burton.)

'Yes, I know,' answered Miss Lansing. 'I thought you'd do that, Gustav.' The boys were already looking about as their teacher knew they would. This was a place to interest a boy.

Gustav was only twenty-eight, a young machinist with fair prospects until two years before, when a serious accident had resulted in the paralysis of the lower part of his body.

His room was full of contrivances for living alone. A string ran from the bed to the ceiling, over, and down to the door latch, which he opened himself for a caller. A long table stood between the bed and the window, and contained an oil stove for cooking, some eatables, a Bible and a few other books, a lamp, and lastly his crochet work; for Gustav, shut off from his old employment, had become a famous worker with the crochet needle. He often sold his mats and edgings, and this, together with the rent from one of his rooms, kept him from actual suffering.

Over the bed hung two long looped straps in which he placed his arms, and pulled himself up when he slipped too far down in the bed. But his most remarkable achievement was building and keeping his own fire, in a little stove three or four feet from the bed. This he did by placing a cane firmly in the circular hole at the end of the handle of a long stove shovel. With this contrivance he placed paper and wood in the stove, and then carefully reached over a lighted twisted paper on the shovel, after which with greatest patience he worked three pieces of coal from the pail at a time, and placed them on the fire. He occasionally had a little neighborly help, but in most things he cared for himself, and was cheerful and sunny in the face of such helplessness and hopelessness.

He let the boys try the string which raised the door latch, and Fred managed to get one piece of wood to the stove as Gustav did. They called his long table Delmonico's, and asked when he meant to invite his guests. Everything interested them, and Gustav answered their questions and showed them his bits of machinery with real pleasure.

'But, Gustav, how do you stand it every day, and all day long? asked Archie when

they had looked at everything about the room.

'The goot God he helps me,' answered Gustav, so simply and happily that the boys hushed for a moment their steady stream of talk, with a feeling that poor Gustav had something in his life worth owning, even in his helplessness.

'Boys, suppose you sing for Gustav,' suggested Miss Lansing. 'He likes music.'

Gustav looked at them with the quick pleasure of the music-loving German. Each boy chose his favorite hymn, and their hearty young voices rang out gladly in the room, and down in the court below. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Follow Thou Me,' and 'Are you Sowing the Seeds of Kindness?' followed each other in quick succession, Gustav joining in with his deeper bass when he knew the song.

As the twilight, which comes early to the rear tenements, began to make itself felt in Gustav's room, Miss Lansing proposed they should sing one more hymn and then say good-bye. 'You choose it, Miss Lansing,' Fred said, and down the stairs, and into the open doors of many poverty-stricken rooms, as Thanksgiving afternoon closed, were wafted these sweet words of heavenly comfort to those in sore need:

'There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

'There is plentiful redemption
In the blood has has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.'

'For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

'If love were but more simple,
We would take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.'

—'American Messenger.'

Painting Her Portrait.

'If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, serene, sweet and lovable—I shouldn't mind growing old,' said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

'Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now,' laughed a keen-witted companion. 'She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry. It has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now.'

The merry words were true; and, whether she willed it or not, the girl was already 'mixing the colors' for her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than 'to be like mother' when she shall have reached mother's years; but in the meantime she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces with it and that a beautiful character comes, like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—'Forward.'

Always a Place For That Kind of Boy.

(By Annie A. Preston.)

'Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?' panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

'In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me.'

'Thank you, sir,' and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door to the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

'Thank you,' said the gentleman. 'Now, what is it?'

'My mother slipped and broke her ankle—'

'Yes, yes; I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well.'

'It takes time, of course, sir; and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day. I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheel-chair in the back store for a few weeks, and let me work for you to pay for it.'

'Did she send you to ask for this?'

'Oh, no, sir; I thought of it myself.'

'What could you do? I have never had a boy about the place.'

'I know it sir; but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon.'

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied.

'How did you happen to notice them?'

'Mother has taught me to care for hers. They are fine ones. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange them so that they would show better.'

'I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery waggon goes that way.'

'Oh, thank you, sir!' and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at the other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

George found real delight as a genuine plant lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw carriage mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around so that it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevers drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, he stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford, from his desk could not help noticing the spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said:

'I am so glad to see George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and is the brightest and most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or, what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer-by stops to take a look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside.'

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' or 'The Museum,' had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying:

'My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town.'

'That picture has stood near that window all winter.'

'Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust; but your show this cold morning would attract any one. What's up?' and the man went off laughing.

'Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one,' said Mr. Bradford.

'And what then, sir?' Asked the boy respectfully.

'Anything that suggests itself to you.'

'Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village.'

'And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it.'

At the end of a week the front of the store was so pleasantly arranged that every customer had some complimentary remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed:

'I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your "Old Curiosity Shop" to my friend here, telling him he could buy anything from a humming-bird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but—'

'But, although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety'; and he told the story of how it happened. 'I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told until this lad came in.'

'That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow.'

'Fine little fellow, indeed!' said Mr. Bradford to himself. 'Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!' and, calling to George, he said:

'Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business must not neglect school.'

'My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done, and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford,' and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work and that she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—'The Way of Faith.'

In prohibition Maine, where it is said prohibition 'is no good,' there were last year behind the prison bars 841 persons, a total of 13 for every 10,000 people; while in Massachusetts, the best enforced license law state, there were 7,451 prisoners, or 33 for every 10,000 of population.

Their Happiest Thanksgiving

(By Rosalie Fuller Williams.)

It was an ideal November day, clear and crisp, with just hint enough of frost in the air to set one's blood dancing, but its brightness found no reflection in the faces of two men who sat in the door of the big barn at Ellis Farm, husking busily.

'We'll get this all done by Thanksgiving, if nothing happens, and then you'll have to look out for another place, Shanks,' the elder man said slowly. 'I'm sorry, but I can't afford to keep help this winter. Times ain't what they used to be.' He shifted uneasily as he talked, and carefully avoided meeting the clear blue eyes which were searching his face.

As the other rose to empty the corn basket, the fitness of his nickname became apparent. He was just at the age when even the most graceful boy seems all legs and arms, and in his case the usual awkwardness was aggravated by his extreme height and slenderness. Homeless and friendless, passed about from farmer to farmer, as choreboy, eighteen years of hardship had done their best to spoil the lad, but the frank, honest face which redeemed the grotesque body, proclaimed the failure.

John Ellis's last words echoed in his brain as he slouched off, and after the basket was emptied he paused to look around, for the most part the buildings and fields seemed trim enough, but here and there a trifle betrayed the fact that the master's hand and eyes were not on the alert to keep up the place.

'Yes,' he muttered grimly, 'times ain't what they used to be at Ellis Farm, that's a fact, and I'm afraid they'll be worse yet. Poor Junie!' He picked up his basket and slouched back to his work.

'I've had a good home here these three years,' he said, dropping heavily on his stool, and drawing out another shock of corn. 'I'm sorry to leave.'

'We've tried to do right by you, Shanks. I'm findin' no fault with you now, only I can't afford to keep you any longer.'

'Dada? Dada!' piped a sweet little voice, and Junie ran around the corner of the barn and threw herself into her father's arms.

'What, little one,' he exclaimed, smoothing her rumpled curls, 'where'd you come from?'

'Mamma's tumming,' she answered, hiding her face in his beard, and then peeping out again at Shanks, who almost adored her, and over whom she tyrannized unmercifully.

'What's the matter, Alice?' asked Mr. Ellis, apprehensively, as his wife appeared.

'Oh, nothing very alarming, John, only we can't get any water at the house. Is the well low?'

'Why, no. There was plenty of water when I was up there, a day or two ago. I'll go up and see if I can find out what the trouble is.'

'Junie go, dada! P'ease, Junie go!' teased the baby.

'I'll go, too,' said Mrs. Ellis. 'I haven't been up to the well for a long time.'

Mr. Ellis swung Junie up to his shoulder and they began to climb the hill for the well was on almost the highest bit of land on the farm. Shanks half rose to follow them but changed his mind and fell to husking faster than ever.

A sudden sharp cry startled him; he dropped his corn and sprang to his feet. Mrs. Ellis stood by the uncovered well, wringing her hands; just as he looked up, Mr. Ellis threw himself down on his knees and peered into the well. The lad's heart stood still with fear—Junie was nowhere to be seen. He sprang up the slope with long leaps.

'Help, oh, help!' wailed Mrs. Ellis. 'Junie's in the well!'

'I see her,' gasped the father.

'Here, let me go down,' said Shanks, pushing the dazed man to one side.

'You can't; there's no rope!'

'Yes, I can! Run and get a rope—a clothesline or anything!' Throwing off his coat, he lowered himself into the opening. The child was out of sight when Shanks reached the water level, and he lowered himself very carefully for fear of hurting her. He had no idea how deep the water was, so it was a great relief to find that he could stand on the bottom of the well and have his head above water. Just as he straightened himself, Junie's golden head came to the surface beside him. He caught her quickly and lifted her up out of the cold water.

'I've got her,' he shouted.

'Thank God!' fervently exclaimed Mr. Ellis.

'Is she comin' with a rope? This water's awful cold.' His teeth chattered and he shook as he could hardly keep his footing, encumbered as he was with the child.

'Hang on a little longer—they're comin'!' There was a rush of feet up the hill, and a rope was quickly lowered.

'Courage, my boy! We'll have you out in a jiffy!' With trembling fingers he made the noose fast about the child.

'Pull her out first! Careful, now!' he called. Strong hands were at the other end, and Junie was soon in her mother's arms. Shanks tried to climb out, but was so numb with the cold and strain, that he slipped back into the water.

'Hold on, there's the rope,' called one of the neighbors, lowering it again.

He made the noose fast under his arms and was soon above ground. They hurried him down to the house, whither Junie had already been taken, and where hot drinks and blankets speedily conquered the chill and brought both back to safety. They lay in state on the big lounge in the warm kitchen the rest of the day, watching Mrs. Ellis and her sister, who had hastened over to the farm on hearing of the accident, as they made preparations for Thanksgiving. More than once Mrs. Ellis paused to press a kiss on Junie's pale face, and once, Shanks felt her lips on his own. All the afternoon he greedily revelled in the warmth and brightness and all the dear home-feeling, while the load at his heart grew heavier and heavier as he thought how soon it would be home no longer for him.

After he was safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis had a long talk and settled several things, the lad's future among them.

'It will be the happiest Thanksgiving I have ever known, John,' exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, her face all alight with joy, though tear-drops still shone on her lashes. 'I'm sure we'll never regret it. I've had a heavy heart, thinking Shanks must go, and if you could know how anxious I've been about you!' Her voice trembled and she hid her face on his arm.

'You need never worry about me in that way again, Alice,' he said solemnly. 'I should have been a murderer if the child had drowned, for she never would have slipped out of my arms if I had been fully myself. I'll never forget that and I'll never meddle with the cursed stuff again. It wasn't that I couldn't afford to keep the lad, but he had been at me to sign his pladge, and I was mad about it. I'm ashamed enough of myself now.'

Wednesday morning Shanks husked alone while Mr. Ellis went into town.

'We will quit an hour earlier to-night,' he said to the lad, as he took his place beside the basket after dinner. 'We are expecting a few friends this evening. Wash up and change your clothes after supper; we shall want you in the parlor.'

Mr. and Mrs. Park, Mrs. Ellis's sister, and her husband, came over to tea, and soon after Judge Harcourt and the minister came in. Mr. Ellis went out into the kitchen.

'Where are you, Shanks?' he called.

'Here I am,' and the lad came slowly down stairs.'

'Would you like to stay here always?' asked Mr. Ellis. Shanks looked at him in puzzled surprise.

'I mean it. We want you to stay with us always. Judge Harcourt is in the other room now with the papers. If you want to stay here, come in and sign them.'

Half-dazed by this sudden change in his prospects, Shanks followed him.

'I have called you together here to-night for two reasons, friends,' began Mr. Ellis, slowly. 'You all know what happened here a few days ago, and that but for this dear lad, our home would have been a house of mourning to-day, instead of one of thanksgiving. Here, in the presence of these witnesses, I offer you'—turning to Shanks with outstretched hands—'a share in this home. Will you accept my name and henceforth be my son?'

Shanks put his hand into Mr. Ellis's and the two stepped forward to where Judge Harcourt was sitting by a little table. The ceremony of signing the papers was very brief, then Mr. Ellis put his arm about the lad's shoulders and turned him around.

'This is our son,' he said, 'Shanks no longer, but Nathan Hyde Ellis from this day. But there is another paper I mean to sign to-night. Where is that pledge you were so anxious to have my name on, Nathan?'

'Here it is, sir,' drawing a little book from his breast pocket; 'are you really going to sign it, Mr. Ellis?' he asked, eagerly.

'I am. You have done so much for me, Nathan, I should be less than a man if I would not do this for you—and for my own sake, too,' he added slowly.

Mrs. Ellis had long ago put her name on the lad's pledge, and now her husband wrote his own beneath it with a firm hand.

'You may think this a strange step for me to take, friends,' he said. 'I've never been in the habit of drinking strong liquors, as you know, but the cider-barrel was fast becoming my master. Nathan saw my danger and tried to help me; I was angry and would have turned him away, but my eyes were opened by the accident to our baby. It is with bitter shame and sorrow that I make this confession, if my head had not been fuddled and my nerves made unsteady by hard cider I should not have dropped the baby into that awful well!' He shuddered and covered his eyes with his hand as he spoke. 'I'll never forget it,' he went on tremulously, 'and by God's grace, I'll never touch anything of the sort again.'

When he was alone in his little room after the company had gone, Nathan pinched himself vigorously.

'I'm awake, that's sure,' he said, 'but it all seems like a dream. To think that Mr. Ellis has signed the pledge after all! And I've got a real home of my own, and Junie for my little sister. Why to-morrow'll be the happiest Thanksgiving I ever knew!'

In her own room Mrs. Ellis was exclaim-

ing, 'The very happiest Thanksgiving of our lives, isn't it, John?'

'Indeed it is, and under God we owe it all to Nathan,' answered her husband, reverently.

Preparing for Success.

Nothing worth while is easily attained. The best results are the culmination of long processes. Two weeks ago we passed by an orchard that had been touched by the quickening breath of spring. Every spray held out a profusion of fragrant bloom. The orchard hung a white and pink cloud of marvellous beauty over the earth. A week before we passed by the same spot and the trees stood out against the sky gaunt and bare and gray. What a sudden transformation! Yet it was not sudden. Through all the dreary days of autumn, through all the bleak months of winter, through all the balmy days of the opening springtime, nature was busy making preparation for that hour of splendor. Silently and secretly and carefully, she wrought for the time of revelation.

That is a parable of life. No man blossoms into influence or honor or goodness all at once. There must be the preliminary deepening of the roots to seize great principles, there must be a reaching upward to things noble and true, there must be a branching outward of sympathy and thought, before the bloom and fruit are possible. Young people are apt to grow impatient because they do not win the battle at one stroke, because success does not come dancing to meet them when they choose to call. But the things most worth having are not caught in the swift chase of a few days. The sun, moon, and stars did not do obeisance to Joseph all at once. He had to pass through many a trial, he had to vanquish many a temptation, he had to overcome many a difficulty before his dream became a reality. Promotion does not come on swift wings, but often on leaden feet. The truest success, like the choicest fruits, requires much preparation. Make yourself worthy of the place you seek by earnest study and persevering effort, and the place will seek you by and by.

There is a tradition of a manufacturing firm in Scotland that carries its own lesson. Thirty years ago, a barefooted, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as an errand boy.

'There's a deal o' running to be dune,' said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a broad Scotch accent. 'Your qualification wud be a pair o' shoon.'

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

'I have the shoon, sir,' he said, quietly.

'Oh!' Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. 'You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace this house.'

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

'It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages,' he said. 'We have no place for you.'

The lad's face grew paler; but, without a word of complaint, he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country near to a night school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

'I can read and write,' he said, briefly.

'I gave him the place,' the employer said, years afterward, 'with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman.'—'Endeavor Banner.'

His First Funeral Service.

(K. M., in 'Westminster.')

One bright day in July, away in the western part of Ontario—so far west that Manitobans find it hard to believe that it does not belong to them—on one of the many rivers of this district, the little tug 'Ursula' was getting ready to tow one of the larger boats over the rapids. The men, as usual, were busy and happy, full of that free, careless happiness only found in the West. All but the engineer, and his heart carried a great burden, for Archie had heard that his baby was sick, his baby boy, four months old. But though love urged him to hurry home to his babe and his young wife, duty demanded his presence at his post. His home lay nine miles away through the woods. Whom could he ask to go with medicine for the wee sufferer?

Down to the boat came the one man whom he could ask, the young missionary, with his bright, happy face, and merry words of greeting for all. But the face grew grave and earnest, and Archie's trouble very soon became his.

The man on the river would tell you that their missionary was 'just a young fellow about twenty-one.' But he is, in spite of his bright, boyish face, almost the age of his Master when he began his ministry among men. One who needs the help and sympathy of a strong man, find both in him. Archie knew that his sympathy was genuine when with an off-hand 'That's nothing' in response to the words of thanks, he started on his nine-mile tramp.

Arriving at the house, the missionary found the mother worn out, not so much with fatigue, as with that awful anxiety and heartache that make a mother old before her time. Thankful, indeed, was she to give her suffering babe into the strong arms of the young missionary. All night long he held the little one striving to give him ease in his pain, and when morning came was rewarded by seeing a look of rest on the baby face. Then saying good-bye to the grateful mother, promising to call on Sunday if she was not at service, he went off to visit among his people—happy that he had been able to help some one.

Sabbath day in this part of the world is certainly no day of rest for the missionary, with three sermons to preach and a nine-mile walk between each preaching place.

As the missionary came within a mile of Archie's home he heard the baby had died, and they were waiting for him to bury it. Dead! A funeral! He had not even read through the burial service, that lay in his trunk miles away. An older minister might have thought of the possibility of having to bury the dead, as well as preach to the living, but the young man thought only of the living, for death had not met him before in his field. What could he do? Pray for help—and hurry on.

About fifty people were gathered at the house awaiting his arrival. Silently he shook hands with the mother; with Archie, bidding him bear up for his wife's sake; looked at the little one, sleeping so peacefully, then began the service. Began—but what could he say? What words of comfort, of hope? Ah, but the heart of sympathy can soon prepare such a funeral sermon, when one relies on the God of sympathy himself.

Taking from his breast pocket his little bible—the faithful companion on all his journeys—he read a part of John xiv., and I Cor., xv., those grand old chapters, that ever contain the balm and comfort for broken hearts. A hymn was sung, a few words spoken about the Resurrection, then the missionary led in prayer, striving to bring them all to the feet of the Lord, to understand that an all-wise Father had sent this sorrow. But even to him it seemed hard to understand. What wonder if his voice trembled in spite of himself? Had he not a few days before watched over the wee babe by the hour? Had he not toiled for him and prayed so earnestly for his recovery; and was his heart not aching for the young mother and father before him?

Th simple service done, they started for the burial ground five miles away, and over an awful road. Nothing but carts and waggons were in that procession, and many walked. The mother wished to go also.

They placed the body gently in the ground. Such a rough-looking, lonely spot it is, and this is the first grave. A fire had swept through, and no green trees are left. Two tall poplars, sixty feet high, stand beside the grave, but they are dead.

Hard enough to leave one's treasure in the cool, sweet churchyard, with the green trees above, and the grass and flowers growing about the grave. But what token of the Resurrection was here given to that young mother and father, as they leave their darling, their first-born son, alone, the first to sleep in that lonely spot?

It will now be cleared, for is it not in truth God's acre; consecrated ground. One of the little ones of Christ's kingdom has made it a sacred spot. Many others, old and young, will, doubtless, come to sleep here, but, verily, a little child shall lead them.

The service here was very impressive. What if there were no burial service read? The missionary meant what he said; right from his heart.

Poor Archie! When the grave was finished, the last stroke given, he said, in a voice which he strove to keep firm, 'Thank you. I thank you all, friends, for your kindness in coming.'

Then with silent and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

In an interesting review reported in 'The Methodist Recorder,' Mr. Baring-Gould was asked, 'What was the origin of your great hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers?'' 'I'll tell you that,' he replied. 'When I was a curate, I had charge of a mission at Horbury, one mile from Wakefield, and one Whitsuntide my vicar wanted me to bring all the Sunday-school children up to the mother church for a great festival. "Well," I thought, "there's that mile to tramp, what shall I do with them on the way.?" All of a sudden it struck me, "I'll write them a hymn." And I did. It was all done in about ten minutes. I set it to one of Haydn's tunes, and the children sang it on the way to church. I thought no more about it, and expected the hymn would be no more heard of.'

The Neglect of Physical Exercise.

A writer in the 'Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette' deals in rather a serious strain with the lack for physical opportunity in the present industrial system as follows:

'Many people maintain that it is not necessary to make any effort to give the body as a body any special exercise or training. They claim that the ordinary duties and employments of life will give one all of the physical training and development that he needs. This may have been true in primitive times, when it was necessary for a man to do his own ploughing and planting, reaping and mowing, to chop his own wood, hunt his own game, catch his own fish, make his own tools, build his own house, and do the hundred and one things necessary to maintain a comfortable existence. But times have changed. Now a man does some one thing for himself, and everything else is done for him. The minute division of labor, and the extensive use of steam and electricity have wrought most radical changes in our methods of working and living. Not only is all of the mental work now done by one class, and all of the physical work by another class, but even the mental and physical work is so divided and subdivided that it is possible for one to perform some necessary function in the business or industrial world by the employment of a very few muscles and faculties. Think of the mental vacuity and muscular inertness of a man who spends his life in polishing a wooden handle, or watching a railway ticket drop into a box, or who simply tends a machine that now does the work once thought possible only to human skill and intelligence. Yet these are fair samples of the mental and physical ability required of hundreds of occupations that now furnish man with a livelihood. Apart from the work of the professional classes, and that of the great organizers, financiers, inventors, merchants and executive heads, chiefs and leaders of various arts, trades and industries, which appeal to one's pride and ambition, and call for a high grade of intelligence, the ordinary employments of life contribute little or nothing to man's intellectual or physical ability.

Doing or Dabbling.

'I've got a birthday present for Helen,' said Tom, coming into my room just at dusk with a flat parcel under his arm. 'I'm not positive that she will appreciate it, but it's excellent advice for her, and took a goodly portion of my week's allowance. However, if it does her good, I'll not complain of that. There—isn't it pretty, anyway?'

And Tom held up for my inspection a large card, hand painted and prettily lettered.

'It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, " These forty thing I do dabble in." '

'The sentiment is the Rev. Washington Gladden's,' continued Tom, 'but isn't it just the thing for Helen? She's got a dozen pieces of work scattered all over the house, not a single one finished, and she'll begin a dozen more before those are done.'

'I heard her say the other day that she was going to look up about the Lion of Lucerne! so I asked her what she found. She started to tell me, as glib as could be, it was one of the chief attractions of Lucerne, and designed by Thorwaldsen; but for the life of her she couldn't tell what it commemorated, or, indeed, if it was in memory of anything particular. She couldn't look it up very thoroughly, she said, for she wanted to find out about Garibaldi, too.'

'I don't suppose she half knows anything about him. Dr. Barnes said the other Sunday that any one who started out to know anything about everything, ended in not knowing much about anything; but if you tried to know everything about some one thing, you generally succeeded in knowing a good deal about many things. The more I think about it the surer I am that he is right—as he usually is.'

Tom did up his parcel and went off, leaving me to my own reflections. Would not the motto be a good one for many of us?

'Those forty things we dabble in'—every individual one of us, I fear. The new books come out so rapidly, the magazines fill our tables, and we try to read them all, or altogether too many. What is the result? A heterogeneous mass of unserviceable scraps of information—nothing sure. We have just so much time and strength to use; we fritter it away on dozens of things—not one half done. Imagine one man trying to be a doctor, lawyer, minister, and merchant! You see the folly of such an attempt. Is it much less absurd for us to try to do and to know everything that comes in our way? It is surely far better to say, 'This one thing I do as thoroughly and perfectly as possible,' than to say, 'These forty things will I dabble in.'

'The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done,
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.'

—'Onward.'

Esther's Lack.

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell.)

Aunt Ruth finished cutting the leaves of the new magazine and then laid the paper-knife on the table. She saw that Esther had something to say.

'I don't know, Aunt Ruth, why it is, but in company I never seem so refined as some of the other girls. They really have a charm of manner that seems wholly lacking in me. I don't know what it is or why it is.'

Aunt Ruth stroked the dark hair gently.

'Last night, at Jane Armstrong's reception, I felt that Alice Collins and Sarah Farrington had an attractiveness—well, Auntie, I haven't it! And I endeavor to be just as polite and lady-like as they.'

'You said in company you never seem so refined, as some other girls, didn't you, dear?' and Aunt Ruth took Esther's troubled face between her hands. 'Do you think you are as refined as they when not in company?'

Esther flushed.

'I—I'm afraid not.'

'I think, dear,' continued Aunt Ruth, slowly, 'that is the reason of your not appearing so attractive in company. It's impossible for one to be rough in speech and manner, even occasionally, without having it exert an influence.

'How many times I've heard you, Esther, speak of your friends in a disagreeable way, and use expressions hardly suitable for any sweet-spirited and high-minded girl to utter. Only those that are gentle, refined and sweet all the time have that attractiveness that is such a grace in woman.

'If you would possess the gift you see in the girls you mention you must earnestly strive for it, not an hour or two merely at an evening reception, but it must be cultivated and developed continually in your daily life.

'I am glad you have noticed this lack, Esther, before it is too late to supply it with just that gentleness and charm that make Alice Collins and Sarah Farrington so beautiful.'—'Good Cheer.'

Start at the Bottom.

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

'What can you do?' said the man of millions.

'I would like some sort of a clerkship.'

'Well, sir, I will take your name and address; and should we have anything of the kind open will correspond with you.'

As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion, 'You can go in and "leave your address." '

The other presented himself, and his papers.

'What can you do?' was asked.

'I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir,' was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

'Have you anything to put a man to work at?'

'We want a man to sort scrap iron,' replied the superintendent.

And the college student went to sorting scrap iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: 'How is the new man getting on?'

'Oh,' said the boss, 'he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang.'

In one year the man had reached the head of the department, and an advisory position with the management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as 'clerk' in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Philadelphia 'Methodist.'

A Missionary Hymn.

O Church! arise and sing
The triumphs of your King,
Whose reign is love;
Sing your enlarged desires,
That goodness still inspires;
Renew your signal-fires,
And forward move!

Let children join this hour
To sing His wondrous power
That earth redeems;
His mighty cross to sing
To whose strong arms we cling,
That, while our songs upwing,
Above us gleams!

Beneath the glowing arch
The ransomed armies march,
We follow on;
Lead us, O Cross of Light,
From conquering height to height,
And add new victories bright
To triumphs won.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Psa. 100: 4, 5.

Kitty's Cat.

(Patty Sharwood, in London 'S.S. Times.')

It was a dreary, cold day. Sleet was falling and the wind was blowing as the autumn afternoon closed in. Old Mrs. White had had her kitchen grate mended, and the workman was gathering up his tools and preparing for his long walk to the other end of the town where he lived, when Mrs. White came into the kitchen with a cup of steaming hot tea in her hand.

'Will you drink this?' she said, holding the cup towards him. 'You have a long walk before you, and it is very cold, I thought perhaps a cup of tea would help you on a little.'

A thin, sad-looking cat had followed her into the room, and now stood looking up hungrily at the man as he drank his tea.

'Oh poor pussy,' said Mrs. White, stooping down and stroking its thin back. 'Are you hungry?' She gave him some milk. He drank a little eagerly, and then stopped and looked up wistfully at the man.

'Do you know,' said Mrs. White, 'that cat is a stray. It came in here the day before yesterday, and I cannot get rid of it. I would keep it myself, but my husband does not like cats. It is a miserable-looking creature, but I think it has been a fine animal. I suppose you do not want a cat?'

The man looked down at the animal and then shook his head sorrowfully. It sounded almost as if there were tears in his voice as he said, 'No, thank you, ma'am, I don't think I had better take it. We had a cat once, at least my little girl had, but it ran away about two months ago, and the maid don't seem to get over the loss at all. I don't think any other cat would console her for Tim.' As he spoke he took the cat in his arms and stroked it gently. 'It do look a little like Tim,' he said, 'only Tim was such a fine cat. The neighbors all used to remark on him. I don't know, ma'am, as I won't take him, if you are sure you want to get rid of him.'

Mrs. White was very glad to find such a kind friend for the poor old stray, for she felt quite sure the workman would be good to him, because he had picked the cat up so gently. An old basket was found to carry him in. He made very little resistance, and was soon snugly curled up on the piece of old flannel with which Mrs. White had lined the bottom of his bed. The two then set out on their long cold walk, Mr. Smith buttoning up his coat closely, and tucking Kitty under his arm. He had several errands to do on his way home, so it was late before he reached his destination.

Two people were anxiously awaiting Mr. Smith's return. They were his little daughter Kitty and her mother. At last the clock struck seven, and Mrs. Smith tapped Kitty's curly head. 'Come, darling,' she said, 'I think you must go to bed now, and if father comes in soon I will ask him to come up and kiss you.'

The child rose slowly from her stool in front of the fire, and turned her big blue eyes to her mother's face. They were such lovely eyes but they had only caused their owner pain all through her short life of seven years. Kitty was blind. But you must not think that because of this great affliction she was a miserable little girl. She was not. Until two months ago she had been perfectly happy, but ever since the day when she lost her constant companion, her 'beautiful Tim,' as she used to call him, she had been a little quiet, and had sat for hours before the fire doing nothing. She tried very hard not to fret about Tim, but it seemed so strange not to feel his soft fur against her cheek, and to miss his happy purring, and then they used to have such romps together. Mother was never afraid that Tim would scratch his little mistress. The moment she came into the room he would jump up and rub his head affectionately against her.

'Mother,' said Kitty, softly, as she was being tucked into her little bed, 'it is my birthday to-morrow, isn't it?'

'Yes, dear, and you will be eight years old, shan't you? I wonder if father is late on account of some extra shopping he has to do.'

'I was not thinking 'zactly about that,' said Kitty. 'I was thinking about Tim. Mother, do you think he will remember my birthday? I do hope he is somewhere safe. I should love to see him. I hope he will have some fish for his breakfast to-morrow, like he did last year.'

'I hope so, darling, but try not to think about him now. Go to sleep, and in the morning feel on the chair beside your bed. I should not wonder if you find a parcel there. Good-night, little woman.'

'Night night, Mother. Please leave the door open so I can hear when father comes,' murmured Kitty sleepily.

She tried hard to keep awake, but could not manage it. She had been busy helping mother all day, and so she was very tired in spite of herself, and did not hear father's return.

It was late when Kitty awoke, the next morning, and the daylight was streaming into her room, although she could not see it. As soon as she was sufficiently awake to think she remembered what her mother had said about a parcel on the chair beside her bed, so she leaned out and felt for the chair. Her hand soon came into contact with the back of it, and then she came to the seat. Just then there was a soft thud as if something had

fallen to the ground. What could it be? She had not knocked anything down because she had not touched anything. She jumped out of bed to feel on the floor where she had heard the sound. While she was stooping down something soft came against her feet and tickled her. Her hands were soon clasped round the soft warm object, and in an instant Kitty knew that it was alive. She lifted it up gently and stroked it. What do you think it was? It was the stray cat that Mr. Smith had brought home the night before. It had found its way up to Kitty's room and had curled itself up on the chair beside her bed. The thud that she had heard was caused by the cat knocking the parcel off the chair in turning over to have another snooze.

By this time Kitty had the cat in her arms. He snuggled his head down into her neck and began to purr contentedly. Kitty held him tight for one second, then with a joyous little bound she cried, 'Oh, Tim, my Tim, you have come back again.' She was so excited that she did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Her sensitive little fingers, which had to act for eyes too, soon discovered that Tim had grown very thin.

'Tim, dear,' she said, 'where's you been? You're so poorly. Have you been hungry? Do you remember it is my birthday, Tim, and that you will have a sardine for breakfast? Oh, I hope Daddy remembered to buy some last night.'

Kitty could not contain her joy alone any longer so she danced off to tell her father and mother the news of Tim's return. When they told her that her father had brought him the night before, and that he thought it was a stray cat, Kitty could scarcely believe it. 'Not know Tim?' she said. 'You should have kissed him, and felt him, and snuggled him. Nobody else is like Tim.'

There surely never was such a happy day as Kitty's eighth birthday. Tim purred so loudly and Kitty sang at the top of her voice that they filled the house, and mother was glad because her darling was happier than she had been for two long, lonely months.

DRAWING LESSON.

Growing Pains.

'I think William suffered from growing pains this morning,' said grandfather. 'William is growing in grace, but it pains him very much sometimes.'

'What is growin' in grace?' asked Oscar.

'Growing good; growing like Jesus,' said grandfather.

'Did William grow this morning?'

'I am sure he did. He wanted very much to ride with me. He knew his little brother and he could not both go, as there was but one empty seat in the carriage. So he went out under the tree and thought something like this: "I always have to give up to Oscar, just because he is little. I should think he might be taught to give up to me sometimes. I hate this growing up." When William felt this way, he had a very bad growing pain indeed. It hurt him a long time, and then he said: "I promised Jesus I would try to be strong and kind to everything weaker than myself. I have a pony and a bicycle; let Oscar have the ride with grandfather."'

'Why, grandfather, how did you know?' cried William.

'Because I have had that kind of growing pains myself for thirty years, and I know that I shall never get over them till I go to live in heaven.'—'Sunday Companion.'

For Jesus.

Little hands can work for Jesus,
Glad to do his holy will,
Helping playmates, serving mother,
They are serving Jesus still
Let your hands be quick and true,
God will give them work to do.

Little lips can move for Jesus,
Speaking gently all the while,
Making other people happy,
With a love-word and a smile.
Let your speech in kindness fall—
Jesus listens to it all.

Little feet can run for Jesus,
And from him sweet comfort take
To the hearts bowed low in sorrow,
Blessing all for his dear sake.
Let your footsteps gladness bring,
Doing errands for the King.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 28.

The Prodigal Son.

Luke xv., 11-24. Memory verses, 20-24.
Read Luke xv.

Daily Readings.

M. Ungrateful.—II. Sam. xv., 1-23.
T. Destroyed.—II. Sam. xviii., 1-17.
W. A Father.—II. Sam. xviii., 18-33.
T. Our Father.—Ps. ciii., 1-18.
F. Our Sonship.—Rom. viii., 1-18.
S. Prodigal.—Luke xv., 11-24.

Golden Text.

'I will arise and go to my Father.'—Luke xv., 18.

Lesson Text.

(11) And he said, A certain man had two sons: (12) And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion ed unto them his living. (13) And not many ed unto him his living. (13) And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. (14) And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. (15) And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. (16) And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. (17) And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! (18) I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, (19) And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. (20) And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. (21) And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. (22) But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: (23) And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: (24) For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Suggestions.

The parable of the lost son and the loving father is the best known, the most exquisite, the most tenderly real of all parables. In its three striking sketches humanity is vividly portrayed, first its yielding to the powerful allurements of sin, and self-indulgence, second in its reaping the fruits of sin and selfishness, third in its repentance and turning to God, and its reception by the loving Father.

Who comes to God one inch,
Through doubtings dim—
In blazing light,
God will advance toward him.

The whole gospel is set forth in this short story of sin, repentance, confession to God, and forgiveness from him. The robe, the ring and the feasting are none too bright as illustrations of the joys of salvation through Jesus Christ. The first picture is that of a young soul with treasures of mind and heart, talents bestowed by God only for use in his kingdom, this soul with the rich inheritance determined to use its riches only for its own self-gratification, deliberately turns its back on God and wanders far away in the pursuit of pleasure. When a little child wanders away from home on a bright sunshiny day it has no fear of being lost, it is not until the child begins to feel hungry or lonely or afraid that it begins to want its home—it does not realise its lost condition until it begins to be in want. So with the soul, as long as the sun of prosperity shines it feels safe and happy and self-reliant, but as soon as the darkness of sorrow, the storms of adversity, or the heart hunger occasioned by bereavement, overtake it, it begins to be in want of higher satisfaction, and the strain of want may be the blessed means used by God to bring it to the realization of its lost condition. As Spurgeon says:—

'From the right hand of God our Lord Jesus rules all things here below, and makes them work together for the salvation of his redeemed. He uses both bitters and sweets, trials and joys, that he may produce in sinners a better mind towards their God. Be thankful for the providence which has made you poor, or sick, or sad; for by all this Jesus works the life of your spirit and turns you to himself. The Lord's mercy often rides to the door of our hearts on the black horse of affliction. Jesus uses the whole range of our experience to wean us from earth and woo us to heaven. Christ is exalted to the throne of heaven and earth in order that, by all the processes of his providence, he may subdue hard hearts unto the gracious softening of repentance.

How vain the delusion that, while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away:
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are,
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

When the prodigal son had spent all his treasure, penniless, friendless, forlorn and hungry, he was willing to take even the place of a swine-herd so that he might have some shelter, however filthy, and some food, however dry and miserable. In this extremity he was one who had long lain in a stupor, lulled to sleep by the siren voice of sensuous indulgence, waking to find himself robbed and enervated, deserted and helpless. When he came to himself, realizing his misery and degradation, his first thought was of his father's house—would that father, whom he had deliberately turned his back upon, whose loving heart he had so deeply wounded, who had already given him all that he could reasonably expect—would that father receive him back now or give him any help? Reason says no, but faith with quick assurance answers yes, and with penitence and humiltiy the man starts out to find his father, the soul sets out to find its home.

Notice the first phase of the confession: Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee. All sin strikes first at heaven, for it is rebellion against the holiness of God. No sin is so small that it cannot offend God. All sin strikes second at humanity, sin means separation, and each unrepented sin makes wider the breach between God and the human race. Every sin committed increases the power of evil in the world and makes it harder for other souls to resist temptation. If you cut your finger it may hurt, but you can bear all the consequences yourself, if you tell a lie it will hurt you by making you less able to resist temptation, but it will first hurt God because you have defied his law of truth, and then it will hurt the whole world because you have added to the force of falsehood in the world. Even an offence against yourself is an offence against God, because he created you and owns you. If you think a false or impure thought you pollute your mind, which is meant to be clear and bright and to reflect the likeness of God. If you take strong drink or tobacco or opium you pollute your body, which should be kept clean and upright, as it is the temple which God has created for his own habitation. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' (I. Cor. iii., 16, 17.)

When the prodigal son came in sight of his father's house, though still a long way off, the father saw him and ran to meet him. God is on the lookout for homesick sinners, through the blood of Jesus they may claim his instant recognition and forgiveness. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, took the place of guilty humanity and by his death atoned for the sins of the whole world, but only by accepting that atonement and pleading for pardon through the merits of Jesus Christ's death can we take our place as the sons of God and be received with joy by our loving heavenly Father, 'who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' (I. John i., 10; ii., 1, 2; II. Pet. iii., 9; John iii., 16, 18.)

Questions.

Repeat the parable of the prodigal son.
What relation has this to the two preceding parbles?
Can any pleasure be permanent apart from God?
Is 'having your own way' likely to bring success and honor?
Is sorrow ever a thing to be thankful for?
Will God accept any soul on its own merit?
How can we call God our Father?
Can our Father reject anyone who comes pleading for forgiveness for Jesus's sake?

Junior C. E. Topic.

WORRY.

Mon., Oct. 22.—Worry is needless.—Luke xii., 28.
Tues., Oct. 23.—Worry is wearing.—Luke x., 41, 42.
Wed., Oct. 24.—The Christian can trust.—Ps. lvi., 3.
Thu., Oct. 25.—Be busy.—Prov. xxii., 29.
Fri., Oct. 26.—Be cheerful.—John xvi., 33.
Sat., Oct. 27.—Remember Jesus's way.—John xvii., 4.
Sun., Oct. 28.—Topic.—Do not worry.—Matt. vi., 25-34.

C. E. Topic.

Oct. 28.—Do not worry.—Matt. vi., 25-34.

What Shall Be Done With Dullards?

This problem presses itself not infrequently upon the minds of Sunday-school teachers. If they should consult their own comfort purely, an easy solution might be found by ridding the class of the presence of the unwelcome scholar. His mental dullness imposes so severe a strain upon the teacher's strength and patience, and so retards the progress of the class as a whole, that it does seem as if the best course to pursue is to get rid of him.

Yet after all it is questionable if that be the wisest plan. In our estimation to endure is far better. It may be, as often the past has proved, that out of the ranks of these very scholars, so dull and stupid, may spring many of the most useful, if not most eminent, men in the church of God. The race is not to the swift always, and in many instances the turtle outstrips the hare.

Said John Wesley's father to his mother one day: 'How can you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' Her gentle reply was, 'If I had told him but nineteen times, all my labor would have been lost.' To the patient instruction of Susannalr Wesley the world owes one of its most powerful preachers.

In dealing with blockheads in their classes teachers can well afford to follow the example of this untiring mother, letting patience have her perfect work.—'Baptist Teacher.'

Keep the Children.

We have the children in the Sunday-school at the age the most impressible. How great is our responsibility! A philanthropist of wide experience says that the male criminals of London have nearly all entered on their career of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years, and that if a young man lives an honest life up to the age of twenty, there are forty-nine chances in his favor and only one against him as to an upright life thereafter. Another who visited our state's prison found that ninety percent of the inmates never attended Sunday-school. With these facts before us, ought we not to redouble our efforts not only to keep the children we now have in the Sunday-school, but to induce others to come? Parents should co-operate with the teachers in their efforts, and see to it that their children are in regular atendance.—Jennie Vorce.

Temperance

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Concluded.)

19. Q.—Give five statements in regard to Bible wines.

A.—Among the certain facts the following may be affirmed:

1. That the Bible nowhere associates God's blessing with the use of strong drink.

2. That the Bible in many places emphatically commands abstinence from strong drink.

3. That the Bible in various and emphatic methods exhibits the manifold evils of strong drink.

4. That the Bible is the first book that proclaimed abstinence to be the cure for drunkenness.

5. That the great principle of the Bible—philanthropy—enforces the practice of abstinence.

20. Q.—What eminent authority gives us the above facts?

A.—Dr. F. R. Lee.

21. Q.—Describe as given in the Bible the difference between the bad or alcoholic wine and the good or non-alcoholic wine.

A.—The bad wine is always condemned; while in all the passages of the Bible where good wine is named, there is no lisp of warning, no intimations of danger, no hint of disapprobation, but always a decided approval.

How bold and strongly marked is the contrast between the bad or alcoholic wine, and the good or non-alcoholic wine.

The bad, the cause of intoxication, of violence and of woes.

The good, the occasion of comfort and peace.

The bad, the cause of irreligion and self-destruction.

The good, the devout offering of piety on the altar of God.

The bad, the symbol of divine wrath.

The good, the symbol of spiritual blessing.

The bad, the emblem of eternal damnation.

The good, the emblem of eternal salvation.

22. Q.—What did Seneca, a grand Roman philosopher, say about wine?

A.—He taught that to suppose 'It possible for a man to taste much wine and retain a right frame of mine is as bad as to argue that he might take poison and not die, or the juice of black poppy and not sleep.'

A Story With Two Sides.

A woman stood at the bar of justice, and by her side two stalwart policemen. Her name was called and she answered. Then the judge asked the clerk to read the charge against her.

'Disorderly conduct on the street and disturbing the peace,' read the clerk.

'Who are witnesses against the woman?' asked the judge; and the two policemen stepped forward to be sworn.

'Now, tell the story,' said the judge, and one of them began:

'I arrested the woman in front of a saloon on Broadway on Saturday night. She had raised a great disturbance, was fighting and brawling with the men in the saloon, and the saloon keeper put her out. She used the foulest language, and with an awful threat struck at the keeper with all her force. I then arrested her and took her to the detention house and locked her up.'

'The next witness will take the stand,' said the judge, and the other policeman stepped up.

'I saw the arrest, and know it to be just as stated. I saw the woman fighting as the saloon-keeper put her out on the street. I heard the vile language she used in the presence of the crowd that gathered in the street.'

'Call the saloon keeper. What do you know of this case?'

'I know dis vomans vas makin' disturbance by my saloon. She comes there und she makes trobles und she fight mit me, und I puts her the door oud. I know her all along. She vas pad vomans.'

Turning to the trembling woman, the judge said, 'This is a pretty clear case, madam; have you anything to say in your defence?'

'Yes, judge,' she answered in a strangely calm, though trembling voice.

'I am not guilty of the charge, and those men standing before you have perjured their souls to prevent me from telling the truth. It was they and not I who violated the law. I was in the saloon last Saturday night, but I'll tell you how it happened.'

'My husband did not come home from work that evening and I feared he had gone to the saloon. I knew he must have drawn his week's wages, and we needed it so badly. I put the little ones to bed, and then waited all alone through the weary hours until after the city clock struck twelve. Then I thought the saloons will be closed, and he will be put out on the street. Probably he will not be able to get home, and the police will arrest him and lock him up. I must go and find him and bring him home. I wrapped a shawl around me and started out, leaving the little ones asleep in bed; and, judge, I have not seen them since.'

Here the tears came to the woman's eyes, and she almost broke down, but restraining herself she went on:

'I went to the saloon where I thought most likely he would be. It was about twenty minutes after twelve, but the saloon, that man's saloon'—pointing to the saloon-keeper who seemed to want to crouch out of her sight—'it was still open, and my husband and these two policemen,' pointing to those who had so lately sworn against her, 'were standing at the bar with their lips still wet with drink, and the flecks of foam not yet settled in the empty glasses before them.

'I stepped up to my husband and asked him to go home with me, but the men laughed at him, and the saloon-keeper ordered me out. I said, "No, I want my husband to go with me." Then I tried to tell him how badly we needed the money he was spending, and again the keeper cursed me and ordered me to leave. Then I confess I could stand no more, and I said, "You ought to be prosecuted for violating the midnight closing law."

'At this the saloon-keeper and policeman rushed upon me and put me out into the street, and one of the policemen, grasping my arm like a vice, hissed in my ear, "I'll get you a thirty day's sentence in the workhouse, and then see what you think about suing people. He called a patrol waggon, pushed me in, and drove to the house of detention, and, judge, you know the rest. All day yesterday I was locked up, my children at home alone, with no fire, no food, no mother.'

It was well that the story was finished, for a great sob choked her utterance and she could say no more.

'Dismissed,' said the judge in a husky voice, and the guilty woman who had so disturbed the peace passed out of the court-room.

But what of the saloon-keeper who had violated the law by keeping open after twelve o'clock at night? And what of the policemen who violated their obligation by drinking while on duty, and who threatened an honest woman with a sentence in the workhouse if she dared to tell the truth! Oh, nothing at all. They were too guilty to be prosecuted.—Cincinnati 'Living Issue.'

Regulating Evil.

There are those who while speaking of the drink traffic as an abomination of cruelty, shadowing homes with darkness that cannot be penetrated, and bringing upon its victims wretchedness that cannot be mitigated, yet in the same breath say: 'You cannot prohibit the drink traffic, you had better regulate and control it by high license.' They forget that the power that can license can prohibit, and it is easier to prohibit than to regulate by license, as you cannot license crime without taking it under your protection, and whatever protects crime is wrong.

By no system of license can you protect an evil. Crime can never be suppressed by toleration. No more can you reform an evil. The only way to regulate evil is to suppress it. The only way to control evil is to destroy it. All methods and forms of regulating or attempting to control the traffic have been but subterfuges. The story is told that after a great battle, a surgeon who had amputated a limb was asked what was the chance of the patient's recovery, to which answer came, 'None whatever, but we had to do something.'

If the truth were told it would appear that much of the legislation about the liquor traffic never gave any real promise of any actual gain for reform, but was enacted without intent other than to pacify the people without offending those controllers of many votes, the liquor sellers.—National Advocate.'

The Meanest Business on Earth.

In one of our large cities there is a man who keeps a first-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them, an interesting boy of about ten years of age, waits on the table. A friend who was much attracted by the manliness and gentleness of the lad, said: 'You have a splendid waiter.' 'Yes,' said the proprietor, 'he is my son. I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said: "Papa, we fellows at school had a discussion to-day about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked: 'What does your father do?' One of them said, "My father works." Another boy said, 'My father is a merchant.' Another said, 'My father is a lawyer." I said, 'My father sells liquor.' And then one of the boys spoke up and said, "That is the meanest business on earth.' And then he looked around and asked, "Father, is that so?" And I said, "Yes, John, it is, and I am going to get out of it. God helping me I will get out of it." '—'National Advocate.'

Keeping Out of Danger,

Concerted Piece for Four Boys.

First Boy.

When you see the notice
'Danger*' written high,
Then, if you are skating,
Don't you venture nigh.
Don't you be too daring
On the ice that's thin.
Or, perchance, right quickly
You'll go plunging in.

Second Boy.

When your wheel you've mounted,
And away you go,
Don't you be too reckless,
Striving speed to show;
Mind the friendly warning
From the hill that's steep—
Those that prove too headstrong
Woe and trouble reap.

Third Boy.

When you see around you
Warnings day by day,
That the drink is deadly,
Causing fear for aye;
When you see its victims
All life's road along—
Won't you keep from danger,
Won't you shun the wrong?

Fourth Boy.

When upon life's journey
Gaily we set out,
We must heed the perils
Lurking all about;
Drink is snare of danger,
Cruel trap of pain;
Now, in joyful boyhood,
One and all, abstain!

All.

Danger! danger! danger!
Echo out the call;
Alcohol hath peril,
Traps and snares for all;
Safety! safety! safety!
Sound it day by day:
'There is safety ever
In the temperance way.'
—'Temperance record.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Wilmot's Tenth.

(Aphia G. Tillson, in 'Toilers of the Deep.')

The Wilmot family were in fairly good circumstances for their station. Besides the few luxuries of life, careful Mrs. Wilmot managed to lay aside quite a respectable sum 'against a rainy day.' There was one thing which troubled her, however. Ever since her conversion years ago the plan of systematic and proportionate giving had regularly presented itself to her, and had as regularly been thrust aside.

But the time came at last when she settled the question once for all. It happened in a peculiar manner.

The youngest Wilmot was ill, the baby, and the pet of the entire household. The doctor despaired of its life, and the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. There were nine besides, but the loving mother could not spare even one. The father was away on a trip, and she was alone with the children. About midnight the doctor was called away; and she knelt beside the bed and poured out to her loving Father the story of all her sorrow and anxious fear.

Mrs. Wilmot did not believe, as she afterwards expressed it, 'in making bargains with the Lord,' but this old vexing question came to her so forcibly while kneeling there that she cried, 'O Father, save my child, and I will give thee one-tenth of all I possess.'

The hours sped on, and still the little one lay in the quiet sleep into which she had fallen at midnight. The doctor came, and looking at her, exclaimed: 'She is much better; I think she will live! It is marvellous! I do not understand it!'

But Mrs. Wilmot understood, and knelt once more, this time in thanksgiving. The baby grew better, and in a week or two was as well as ever.

Did Mrs. Wilmot forget her vow? No; from that day to this she has given the Lord one-tenth of all she had. Even more, for many an extra gift has found its way into the Lord's treasury.

But she was called upon to give a tenth of the possession more dear to her than life. It was the only time in all the years she wavered and shrank from fulfilling her pledge. It was years later, although it seemed but a day.

Yet 'the baby' was a young woman of twenty-three when she came to her mother one day, and, placing her arm about her neck, said, 'I do not wish to give you pain, mother dear; but when you promised the Lord to give him a tenth of all you possessed, did that include me?'

Mrs. Wilmot opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Include you? Why, what do you mean?'

'I mean, did you give me to God, too? I hope that you did, for I would like very much to go as a missionary soon. Can you spare me for that, mother? May I not go out as your "tenth?"'

The mother's arms clasped the girl tightly for a moment, and the tears fell softly, then, without a word, she pushed her gently away. When alone with her Master there was a struggle; but when she called her daughter there was no sign of it upon the smiling peaceful countenance.

'Yes, dear, you may go where you will in the Lord's service as my "tenth," though dearer than life to me. May God abundantly bless all your efforts. He may have saved your life for this.'

After the first sorrow and the pain of separation was over, Mrs. Wilmot rejoiced in her missionary daughter. Could you have seen her happy, sun-shiny face, and felt the warm handshake which characterized her after-life, you would agree with me that Mrs. Wilmot derived many blessings from proportionate giving.

As for Mrs. Wilmot herself, should you ask her about it, she would tell you that it was by far the best way of giving. 'Haphazard giving cannot be pleasing to the Lord. Why should not his cause be treated as fairly as our business or family interests? The head of the family who does not know what the income is, does not know how much may be used for this and that purpose; how much for rent, how much for fuel, for food, clothing and other things, but who thoughtlessly spends all upon one thing and goes without another, would be considered at least a 'poor manager.' Yet many treat our Father's interest in just that manner. Is it not infinitely better to lay aside a small sum, and to know that so much belongs to the Lord, to know how much can be given, and to know how and to what it may best be given? One who tries it will be surprised to see how much such sympathetic giving can accomplish, how much, also, we will have that we may give outside this regular giving. The most delightful time in my life has been when I could give a 'thank-offering' unto the Lord. I would not go back to my old way of giving, for I think, though I may be wrong, that I have been blessed spiritually and materially, because I have thus given to the Lord.'

A Housekeeping Apron.

It is nice made of seersucker, gingham or calico; but is nicer yet made of rubber or oilcloth. I have a friend who made one from the best parts of two old gossamer cloaks,

and she says she wouldn't take a small fortune for it, if she were obliged to promise that she would never wear one like it.—Marie Lias, in 'Housekeeper.'

What Shall We Have for Breakfast?

At no time are appetites so capricious as in the morning. Most people enjoy dinner, hunger being the inevitable result of exercise or a forenoon of labor. The evening meal is usually an occasion of the good cheer and healthy digestion, but the complaint is general that nothing relishes for breakfast. Housekeepers have their inventive faculties constantly on the rack in endeavoring to serve the same article of food in different ways and each time have it taste better than before. Variety is the key-note of success here, but seems sometimes and in some places, quite unobtainable.

A breakfast dish that relishes oftener than almost any other is an omelet and there are 'ways and ways' of making omelets. Every housewife knows the original method but a slight digression will be found palatable as well as economical:

Soak a cup of bread crumbs in a cup of sweet milk over night. In the morning add three well-beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Have a well-greased skillet, moderately hot, into which pour the mixture. Cook slowly until a golden brown; this may be determined by rising the edges with a knife. Brown in a hot oven and serve immediately.

Another omelet is made by using a cup of mashed potato, three eggs and half a cup of milk. Fry as before. Cold meat, chopped fine, and added to an omelet when ready to brown, or fold, makes a pleasing dish besides utilizing scraps that might otherwise be wasted.

Creamed codfish served with dry toast, eggs boiled, poached and scrambled, bits of fried ham, broiled mackerel, are seasonable and can be kept on hand. Potatoes may be served in a dozen different ways.

Graham Gems.—One cup of white flour, three cups of graham, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sweet milk to form a batter.' Bake in a quick oven.

Serve oatmeal, cracked wheat, rolled hominy, cerealine, etc., as often as they are relished, not oftener. Fresh fruit is usually tempting to a listless appetite, but apples are best baked. Cocoa is nourishing and refreshing, and should be substituted for coffee three mornings out of the week. Insist upon a little exercise in the fresh air before partaking of the morning meal.—Mrs. Lillie Arndt, in American Paper.

Selected Recipes.

Apple Omelet.—Beat the yolks of four eggs with two spoonfuls of powdered sugar and the grated rind of half a lemon. Then blend in smoothly half a cup of flour and the frothed whites of the four eggs, then a small cup of whipped cream, and a large pinch of salt. Cook till well set in a thoroughly buttered frying-pan, then spread evenly on the top a thick layer of white, flavored and strained apple sauce. Roll up, sprinkle with sugar and serve.

Nesselrode Pudding—Make a rich custard of a quart of milk, four cupfuls of sugar, and eight eggs. Scald the milk, pour it on the beaten eggs and sugar, and return to the range in a double boiler. Stir until the custard is thick enough to coat the spoon, then remove from the fire and flavor with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. When cold, turn into a freezer and grind until half frozen. Have ready a half pound of marrons glaces, minced fine. Remove the paddle from the freezer, and with a long-handled spoon stir the marrons into the half-frozen custard. Put the top back on the freezer, and pack down in ice and rock salt for three hours.

Turn the frozen pudding into a chilled platter and heap whipped cream around it. This is the simplest form of Nesselrode pudding. A more elaborate preparation of this popular dessert has stirred into it, besides the marrons, minced crystallized fruit and blanched and chop almonds.

Sauce for Horseradish.—In a bowl, place half a cupful of butter and beat to a cream, add yolks of two eggs, slowly, and beat in. Add the juice from half a lemon, a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients, and then place the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water, and beat for a moment or two with an egg beater; when partly heated add a half cupful of boiling water. Cook until it begins to thicken like boiled custard, but not long enough to separate. It will take about five minutes if the bowl is thin, and the water at a brisk boil all the time. Cool this mixture and have ready horseradish grated and mixed with vinegar. Add this dressing just before serving.

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